

THE NEW UNITY

For Good Citizenship, Good Literature; and Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

OLD SERIES, VOL. 34.

CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 25, 1897.

NEW SERIES, VOL. 4.

CONTENTS.

	Page.
EDITORIAL:	
Notes.....	407
Twenty Years.	407
THE LIBERAL CONGRESS:	
"He Shall Cover Thee with His Feathers and Under His Wings Shalt Thou Trust." (poem) Abby L. Perry.....	409
The Yosemite as I Saw It.....	409
The Freedmen (poem).....	410
The First Weather Forecaster.....	410
SATURDAY EVENING TALKS:	
XVIII. Growth of the Old Testament..	411
THE HOME:	
Helps to High Living.....	411
Cradle Song (poem).....	411
The Prayer of Motherhood.....	412
A Brave Mother.....	412
THE STUDY TABLE:	
Two Good Books.....	413
A Swedenborgian Apostle.....	413
American Orations.....	414
On the Trail of Don Quixote.....	414
THE LIBERAL FIELD:	
Lincoln's Birthday.....	415
The Growth of Independency.....	415
Spring Valley, Minn.....	415
Chicago, Ill.....	415
St. Cloud, Minn.....	415
New York, N. Y.....	415
Ann Arbor, Mich.....	415
Omaha, Neb.....	416
Western Unitarian Conference.....	416
Sunday School Notes.....	416
THE TOWER HILL SUMMER SCHOOL:	
Eighth Season (announcement).....	417

*Another Athens shall arise,
And to remoter time
Bequeath, like sunset to the skies,
The splendor of its prime;
And leave, if nought so bright may live,
All earth can take or Heaven can give.*

*Saturn and Love their long repose
Shall burst more bright and good
Than all who fell, than One who rose,
Than many unsubdued;
Not gold, not blood, their altar dowers,
But votive tears and symbol flowers.*

*Oh, cease! must hate and death return?
Cease! must men kill and die?
Cease! drain not to its dregs the urn
Of bitter prophecy;
The world is weary of the past,
Oh, might it die or rest at last.*

—SHELLEY.

Way & Williams + Publishers + The Monadnock
Chicago

THE REAL ISSUE.

THIS IS NOT A POLITICAL TREATISE,
BUT A BOOK OF ROUSING STORIES.

You Needn't Be Ashamed of Kansas.

If your eastern friends have sent you a marked copy of "What's the Matter With Kansas," return the compliment by sending them "The Real Issue." It's an antidote—on the theory that the hair of the dog is good for his bite. "The Real Issue" is a book of Kansas stories, romances, sketches and tales. They are old-fashioned stand up for Kansas stories.

Here's what the papers say:

Buffalo (N. Y.) "Commercial:" There is some very good work in the stories told by W. A. White under the title of the "Real Issue." They give one unquestionably a vivid presentation of certain phases of western life. The humor in these stories is racy and the pathos impressive. There is about the book a savor of genuineness and originality that is refreshing.

Wichita "Eagle:" The author's deep devotion to the State, his belief that it is greater, better, prettier than all the states beside, glows in this story. Every Kansas man should read this book.

St. Louis "Globe-Democrat": The "Real Issue" deals with the peculiar politics and domestic life which have made Kansas the most talked about state in the Union. The author is a keen observer, a shrewd analytic dissector of every phase of Kansas humanity and withal possesses a rugged humor that runs through every stroke of his virile pen.

Scranton (Pa.) "Tribune:" In that editorial Mr. White was the caustic and the humorous partisan. But in these fifteen stories we have him revealed with ready humor softened by equally ready sympathy and both dominated by vigorous masculinity.

Chicago "Post:" The impression gained by reading Mr. White's tales is not dissimilar to the first idea of Kipling. Mr. White has pathos that goes with true humor.

Boston "Globe:" The "Real Issue" contains a collection of original and interesting stories showing a deep insight into human nature with much of sympathy for its failures and weaknesses.

Philadelphia "Ledger:" Stories from Kansas are unusual enough to invite attention. These in the "Real Issue" have other merit than novelty. They are interesting. They are picturesque; they are true in local color, character and purpose, and are well worth reading.

Hartford (Conn.) "Courant:" There are fresh observations and a happy touch in William A. White's book. Mr. White has decided humor, and he narrates local life with a good deal of literary flavor and an occasional bit of pathos that is unstrained and true. We shall hope for more from Mr. White.

New York "Sun:" The stories entitle Mr. White to a high place among American short story writers. He has the sense of humor well developed, a fund of imagination and a pleasant style. The stories are well worth reading.

Get a book for the friends who have gone away. It will bring them back to Kansas. The first edition has been sold and the second edition is about ready.

For Sale by All Booksellers. Price \$1.25.

Way & Williams, Chicago.

THE NEW UNITY

VOLUME IV.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1897.

NUMBER 26.



TO unite in a larger fellowship and co-operation, such existing societies and liberal elements as are in sympathy with the movement toward undogmatic religion, to foster and encourage the organization of non-sectarian churches and kindred societies on the basis of absolute mental liberty; to secure a closer and more helpful association of all these in the thought and

work of the world under the great law and life of love; to develop the church of humanity, democratic in organization, progressive in spirit, aiming at the development of pure and high character, hospitable to all forms of thought, cherishing the spiritual traditions and experiences of the past, but keeping itself open to all new light and the higher developments of the future.

—From Articles of Incorporation of the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies.

Editorial.

*We never know how high we are
Till we are called to rise;
And then, if we are true to plan,
Our statures touch the skies.*

*The heroism we recite
Would be a daily thing,
Did not ourselves the cubits warp
For fear to be a king.*

EMILY DICKINSON.

Turkish atrocity has at last reached its climax and the old heroic spirit of the Greeks, the valor of Athens, bursts forth again, sending a thrill throughout the civilized world, but the hesitancy and apathy, which expresses itself in the cowardly expediency of all the powers of Europe, are as depressing as the other is inspiring. Something must give way one of these days. Politically and economically, the world has so advanced that it sickens for want of the infusion of altruism which must be forthcoming.

In Longfellow's song, the arrow shot at random was found years afterward embedded in the oak, and the song was cherished in the heart of a friend. Happy, indeed, is he who may find now and then a crumb of the bread returning to him which in days long gone by had been cast upon the waters of life. The truth is that most of the arrows shot into the air are never found, and most of the bread cast upon the waters never comes back. Let no one on that account cease to speed the arrow shafts of truth into the air. We must not on that account be discouraged and give over the thankless task, nor refuse to cast the bread of love and loyalty on the waters. It is for man to go about doing his work, doing it in the deathless spirit of love, doing it in the interest of large things, above all, work-

ing on long, long lines, never doubting that the song will survive if it is a worthy one; content that the singer should be lost in the song, the worker obscured by his work.

Men are mortal; human records are perishable; the archives of nations are all doomed to obliteration sooner or later. The highest achievement of the mind must some day cut loose from the personality that gave it being and float in the great sea of the infinite reality. Like the wheel, the eccentric in mechanics, the pulley, the watch, and a thousand combinations of the same in the mechanical world; they live on, while the names of the inventors are lost. The ultimate test of vitality is principle, not persons, ideas nor institutions.

Some of the earlier readers of THE NEW UNITY will remember the thrilling story that was hinted at in these columns in 1881 of the heroic youth Ralph Goldsmith Cole, the son of our faithful co-workers, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Cole, Mount Pleasant, Iowa. This young life went out in its twentieth year, consumed by disinterestedness. The story of his life was told by Mrs. Hattie Tyng Griswold and others. The "Dial of Progress," published at Mount Pleasant and Des Moines, Ia., for February 13, lies before us with an opening chapter of a new study of this remarkable life, which we trust will find some permanent form. It is a latter-day illustration of the Pauline marvel. Conversion, consecration, sacrifice, find in this story the puzzle that always goes with them at their maximum expression.

There is a success that rests in the triumph of principle won through the defeat of persons. He who has made investments in the bank that never "pays," has invested in the bank that never breaks, the bank of helpfulness, of truth and of loyalty. In one of the mantels of All Souls Church, Chicago, is carved the legend,

*"However things may seem,
No good thing is failure
No evil thing is success."*

Recently the writer of this note saw the same lines written on the fly-leaf of the pocket note-book of a business man, who, at last, through much struggle, much pain and patience, had closed his life's work on earth and won peace. This phrase, copied from the All Souls' mantel, had been his strength in business and his stay in death. In vain has the search for the source of these lines been made. Of course, the Athenian martyr, the great Socrates, said something very like it. Rev. Mr. Blake thinks that he first saw them or something like them in some writings of Samuel Longfellow, a brother of the poet, Henry W. Longfellow, and he put them into the beautiful Sunday school service, used by so many liberal Sunday schools, but he has been

A trial subscription to THE NEW UNITY for three months, 25 cents.

unable to verify the quotation. What matters it who said it? The main thing is that it is divinely and eternally true. In the deathlessness of the message, the message-giver finds his ample reward, though like Jubal, in George Eliot's poem, he dies in obscurity and neglect.

The *Reform Advocate* celebrated its seventh anniversary last week as a special number with ornamental covers. With prophetic good judgment it was made a "Woman's Number," some fifteen or more women discussed "Woman's Place in the Synagogue," considering such questions as her relation to the Sunday school, the pulpit, the administration of affairs, etc., etc. Judaism, since the Parliament of Religion, has taken on a new life, in the new activity of its women. We wish the wise words of these women could be widely read by the friends of practical piety and progressive religion outside the pale of Judaism. We congratulate our neighbor and co-laborer, the *Reform Advocate*, and bid it God speed in its further work in the interest of mental emancipation, spiritual earnestness and theological honesty.

"Nomination by petition" is just now the "slogan" of reform in the municipal politics of Chicago. At least three candidates for the mayoralty and a group of honorable men for the assessorships, the city clerk and at least one alderman are being presented to the public under the provision of the Australian ballot law. This shows that independency at last is clear-sighted enough to serve notice upon the party manipulators of both parties that they do not propose longer to be held in partisan leash. There are some indications that the first outburst of courage may over-reach itself and a confusing number of candidates be precipitated, but to our minds this is but a small danger. Under the law of Illinois it takes five per cent. of the total votes of the preceding election to present a candidate by petition on the Australian ballot. This admits of a theoretic possibility of twenty different candidates being presented. Let it be so if it must. Great freedom of choice is better than the inevitable submission to the one-party candidate. Let the vicious as well as the virtuous have their candidates. Let the fight be an open one. One attorney-at-law is asking endorsement as an independent candidate for the Circuit Court judgeship in the city of Chicago on the ground that anti-gambling, anti-horse racing laws, laws against lotteries, pool sellings, etc., are unconstitutional. He characterizes such prohibitory laws in the interest of morals as converting the nation into a "gigantic kindergarten." Such open candidacy presents the evil in its least threatening form. There are good people enough in the city of Chicago and in every other city, big and small, in the state of Illinois, to secure humane and righteous administration of public affairs if they forget party allegiance and stand together.

The last week's *Christian Register* contained an interesting address by William Howell Reed on Unitarian Journalism, read before a recent meeting of the Unitarian Club of Boston. Mr. Reed is the son of the man who for nearly one-half of a century carried the

Christian Register through the vicissitudes of a pioneer paper. This diligent editor was followed by such men as Mumford, Ames and Barrows. The essayist pays a fitting tribute to George H. Ellis, who for thirty years has published the *Register*, making "Pecuniary results of secondary importance, though straining every nerve to make it pay. When the balance indicated a small profit, he was satisfied, but he has been uncomplaining when for years it has shown a loss." This is, indeed, a suggestive record. Boston is the headquarters of Unitarianism in the world. Harvard College for nearly a century has been practically its fountain head. The prestige of Channing and Parker, and the brilliant galaxy that clustered around the name of Emerson, and the Transcendental school have aided it, and still it does not "pay," and notwithstanding this it has been a beacon light in this country, hence one of the most paying ventures of the kind that Boston has known. All this has great suggestiveness to those who are of and for THE NEW UNITY movement. If the cause of liberality in religion does not pay in Boston, still less does it pay in Chicago, and it is equally true that in the fact that it *does not pay lies* the great justification of our venture. What was said in Boston concerning the organ of Unitarianism may be emphatically said of the cause of the Liberal Congress of non-sectarianism of religion, or undenomination fellowship as understood and interpreted by the few valiant representatives of many denominations. "If the *Register* goes out of existence, we had better take down our sign, liquidate and go out of business." THE NEW UNITY is not trying to raise a twenty thousand dollar fund to put it on its feet, as does the *Register*. It has not sixty years momentum back of it, as it has, but at the beginning of its twentieth year it does ask of the friends who have stood by it, the sympathy and co-operation necessary to find the many more friends, who are ready to stand by, if they but understood the message and knew the cause. To those who want to advance Unitarianism, and are satisfied that the highest and most effective liberalism is attainable within denominational lines, the *Christian Register* is eminently deserving of their support and sympathy; it meets all their needs. It has always been clean, high and literary. But those who believe that even "Unitarianism" as an "ism" must give way to something less denominational and controversial in its antecedents, THE NEW UNITY carrying the watchword of the Liberal Congress. "Humanity" on its fore front, presents its claim, not as a rival, but as a complement, the something more that works with the *Register* for that larger outcome in which Unitarianism is itself doomed to find a glorious transfiguration.

Twenty Years.

A Reduplication of Forces.

THE NEW UNITY GETTING READY FOR ITS MAJORITY.

With the next week's issue we enter upon our twentieth year of life. Plans are already well matured for the pushing of the cause THE NEW UNITY stands for far more vigorously than ever before, and of making this paper a more adequate representative of the on-

ward movement in religion than it ever has been before. With the primal inspiration that called it into being in 1878 grown more clear by the persistent quest, as well as more wise and sober by the frequent over-rulings of that Providence which has insisted on disappointment along the lower and inadequate lines in the interest of the longer ranged triumph which must eventually come on the higher lines. With the initial number of the new volume, which will appear next week, we will be enabled to announce our new staff of editorial writers and the publication committee authorized by the vote of the Indianapolis Congress; also a business management that will introduce an initiative energy in that department that will be welcomed alike by the proprietors and editors and subscribers, for by this combination of a larger and more representative editorial corps, a more aggressive business policy, a more confident co-operation on the part of our subscribers, a more definite understanding of the cause we represent and, we trust, a returning prosperity to our country, we look forward hopefully to a marked increase in our circulation and power for liberality.

We will not anticipate next week's announcement except to say that to accomplish this end plans are already matured for a movement that will promptly reduplicate our subscription list. Reader, with your help we propose to make five thousand readers ten, as the initial step for further occupancy of the great waiting field represented by the church attendants who are weary of churchism and sectarianism and by the churchless who are hungry for fellowship and ready to lend a hand in the upbuilding of that church for which Abraham Lincoln waited, the church of the Golden Rule, the Church of the Commandments and the Beatitudes.

To do this more promptly and to secure your immediate co-operation, we propose to halve our prices to all those who will double their energies in our behalf. We do this, not because we think that THE NEW UNITY is not now worth two dollars a year, nor because it is now paying expenses and we can afford to reduce our revenue, but because the few who have generously stood by and are now carrying the margin of deficiency, which is not light, want to increase the potency of this paper to its maximum. We mean to widen the circle of helpers, find two readers where we now find one.

Our proposition is not one annual subscription for one dollar, but

TWO ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR TWO DOLLARS.

That is to say, any present subscriber who has paid in advance, sending us one new subscription with one dollar, will have his own account extended double the time he is now credited with. Any present subscriber in arrearages paying up bills and two dollars in advance will secure a year's subscription for himself and an additional one to any other address named. Any new subscribers coming in twos or more will be supplied at the rate of one dollar per subscriber. Thus, just as fast as our list is reduplicated, the subscription price of THE NEW UNITY will be one dollar a year.

GET READY TO HELP US!

HELP US BY HELPING YOURSELF!

HELP YOURSELF BY HELPING YOUR NEIGHBOR!

LET US TAKE HOLD OF HANDS ALL AROUND, AND MOVE FORWARD.

The Liberal Congress.

Hospitable to All Forms of Thought: Everyone Responsible for His Own.

"He Shall Cover Thee with His Feathers
and Under His Wings Shalt
Thou Trust."

Out from the shadow of His wings
We look at life and live—
The glare of Truth and Love would daze,
And utter blindness give.

His sun of Love and Life shines clear
In an eternal day,
But we must have the shade of wings,
And so He hides away.

His children for their hours of sleep,
When consciousness grows still,
And then His feathers cover us,
His Love broods o'er our will.

Not from the storms or ills of life
His wings our refuge make,
But from the blaze of His full Love
He shields us for our sake.

When we can bear the full, strong light;
Can stand with upturned eyes,
The thought of wings will change from shade
To means by which we rise.

ABBY L. PERRY.

"The Yosemite as I Saw It."*

This is the title of an exceedingly artistic and well-written account of a trip through America's great wonderland, by Cora A. Morse of San Francisco. Those who have already enjoyed a visit to this strange and picturesque valley, the book will be, in text and illustrations, a beautiful souvenir. To those to whom the Yosemite is still a dream of anticipation, Mrs. Morse's little book will prove a genuine stimulation of interest, a foretaste of delight.

The author is a true lover of nature. In most simple phrase, she pictures the majestic scenery of the beautiful valley, its great rocks, waterfalls, foliage and lakes. From title-page to tail-piece, the book is original, brightly written and fascinating as a fairy story. Not only is the author deeply sensitive to those beauties of nature, displayed on such a majestic scale and in such marvelous profusion in the Yosemite, but she also has the happy faculty of carrying her reader along with her, and imparting her impressions most vividly. She is a quick and keen observer with a well developed sense of humor, which enlivens her recital of the incidents of the journey, and her descriptions of those outward features of the scenery, which none can be blind to. But perhaps the chief value of this unpretentious, but artistic, record, is its simple and natural relation of those soul impressions and observations, which reflect the moods of mother Nature by a sort of sympathetic vibration in the moods of the writer. The following brief extracts will help to illustrate her picturing of these moods,—although no isolated quotation can do justice to the story, as she tells it:

"Shimmering through the trees is the dying sunlight, touching the leaves with silver and gold, and transforming the dusty road into a street of crimson light, as we wind in and out among the rocks and trees, beside the river, rushing onward to the sea. We can imagine that the New Jerusalem lies not far away, as we revel in the changing light, and listen to the birds singing lullabies to the little ones in their keeping, while they rock them in the wind-swayed boughs, by the flickering light of the All Mother's candle. The woods begin to darken with the lengthening

* Outlook Co., Oakland, Cal. Price, 50 cents.

shadows, as we near the floor of the valley, when presto! change! we sweep through the gates of the long mountain ranges, into the dazzling blaze of a sunset on the mountains. We spring to our feet and wave our hands, while we sing 'Hallelujah,' as the doors of this heavenly city are thrown open to receive us. In the warmth and glow and grandeur of this new old scene, how the soul rejoices!"

This for a specimen outburst in the major key. On another page the author touches a minor chord, in striking contrast with the above:

"We stand in the center of chains of snowy mountains, surrounded by gulches and chasms innumerable, while thousands of feet below the sleeping valley lies. The impression one gets of this under-world from these awful heights, is silence, sleep, death. Encompassing us like a great 'cloud of witnesses,' these eternal towering rocks are standing. Not a whisper reaches us from the yawning gulfs and bottomless chasms, which seem to possess the power to draw us downward into their destructive embrace. Through the great rifts in the rocks the sunlight plays. Around, behind, before, the somber shadows fall. We file round and round this mighty circle, discovering new points of interest at every turn. Devoutly we worship the Indian's 'Great Spirit' for the thousandth time since our entrance to the valley. Sadly we wave a good-bye to these helpful preachers, and slowly retrace our way to the edge of the meadows."

The illustrations include beautifully engraved full-page views of the Royal Arches, Mirror Lake, El Capitan, Bridal Veil Falls, Cathedral Spires, The Three Brothers, Yosemite Falls, Agassiz Column, view from Eagle Peak, Nevada Fall, Vernal Falls and Cathedral Rock.

The Freedmen.

America! dear land of boundless worth.
Land of my own and of my mother's birth,
Home of my early manhood—I return
Once more to thee; and where thy hearth-fires burn
Sit down in peace and freedom once again
To eat the honest bread of honest men.

Land of all lands! thou art the very shrine,
Of pilgrims from all countries; o'er the brine,
Of many oceans sail white ships to thee,
Freighted with men whose lips cry: "Make us free."

The God of freedom to thy shores has sent
His worthiest worshipers; and thy great "tent"
Is shaken by the Spirit's mighty power
That crieth: "Lo! white Truth has claimed this hour."

This hour sublime, a cycle; love and right—
Being the hands that point by day and night.
Behold! a mighty victory, dear land,
Is to the freedmen given by thy hand.

—Forrest Fielddeere.

The First Weather Forecaster.

Increase A. Lapham, the distinguished Milwaukee scientist, was born in 1811 at Palmyra, N. Y., and died near Oconomowoc, Wis., in 1875. He began life as a laborer and was later a surveyor and civil engineer on the line of construction of the Erie canal. He afterward moved westward and was connected with canal works in Ohio and Wisconsin. He was a pioneer of Milwaukee, where he settled in 1836. From that time until his death his standing and writings as a naturalist attracted both scientific and popular attention. In botany, geology and meteorology he was regarded as one of the highest experts.

Dr. Lapham began in 1836 a series of thorough observations on the lake levels. In 1849, after thirteen years of close examination, he announced the discovery of slight lunar tides on Lake Michigan. He based his belief in this phenomenon on the regular rise and fall of the lake from a cause which could not be attributed to variable winds, drouths or freshets.

Dr. Lapham was the first to point out the value of the telegraph service in prognosticating storms, especially on the great lakes. Happening in the telegraph office at Milwaukee in 1868 or 1869, it was accidentally mentioned by an operator that a fierce storm was raging in Omaha. He inquired as to the direction of the wind, which was from the west. Believing that the storm would reach the lakes, and calculating its force, he caused notice to be sent to the lake ports of the threatened disturbance. His forecast

proved true, and that portion of the Lake Michigan fleet that stayed in port escaped serious damage, if not great disaster. After the organization of the signal service, in which he rendered great assistance, he was appointed signal officer at Chicago, but was obliged to abandon its duties on account of ill health.—*Chicago Chronicle*.

A mass meeting to consider the better housing of the poor was held in the large hall of Cooper Union, New York City, on the evening of May 8. The meeting was the outgrowth of addresses by Professor E. R. L. Gould of Johns Hopkins University and the Improved Housing Council, before the Central Labor Union. The hall was nearly filled with workingmen, who listened intently and applauded vigorously as the plans were developed by the different speakers. The Hon. Carroll D. Wright presided; addresses were made by President Seth Low, R. Fulton Cutting, Bishop Potter and others. The plans are for suburban homes, and for model tenement houses in the city. The ownership includes a life insurance plan which protects the investment for the family in case of the death of the investor before full payment is made. If the investor is not an "insurance subject," the insurance will be placed on the life of some adult member of the family. If the investor for any reason is compelled to move from his house before payment is fully made, he does not jeopardize his investment; he can rent his property and continue payments. Payments are made monthly. A man can buy a house and lot costing \$1,850 in twenty years by paying \$12.75 per month, or a \$1,320 piece of property at the end of ten years by paying \$17.25. Shares will be placed at \$10 per share to enable people of limited means to make a perfectly safe investment of small capital. The central idea is the co-operation of capital and labor in a common good. The plans will be on exhibition shortly in the United Charities building, New York City. The suburban homes will not all be on the same model. There will be a choice of plans, limited by the cost of the house.—*The Outlook*.

The beautiful home which Washington Irving purchased, "Sunnyside," on the Hudson, is materially the same now as when he lived there. The little slip of ivy that Mrs. Jane Renwick brought from Abbotsford has almost veiled one side of the house, entirely covering the wall of Irving's own rooms. Wistaria and Virginia creepers cover what the ivy leaves bare, and the place in summer is exquisite in its green beauty. The original house was the home of one Wolfert Acker, who inscribed his favorite motto in Dutch, "Pleasure in Quiet," over the door. When Irving took possession of the place he modeled his additions after the same Dutch style. He erected the porch as it now stands. The various wings that were added after his death have been torn down and a grandnephew of the writer, who has just bought the place, is making extensive alterations and repairs. The new building will follow the same lines of architecture, so when everything is done the whole will be a harmonious example of Dutch architecture.—*Boston Transcript*.

It is wonderful how slight a thing will save a drowning man's life. An oar thrown overboard will buoy him up; a thing scarcely thicker than a knitting-needle will draw him safely to the shore. Franklin, when a boy, used to float on the surface of the water, sustained by the pull of his flying kite, and men have ridden in storms on the great sea on hen-coops and insignificant splinters of mighty ships that had broken up under their feet. It is the same in the troubled waters of life's ocean. A very little help has often rescued a struggling brother who must otherwise have gone down to rise no more—and thousands do go down, while those who might safely lend them a helping hand look on indifferently. To lend a helping hand to any man who throws up his own hands and manifests no disposition to save himself from sinking is useless; but the "man overboard" on the voyage of life who buffets the billows of fate valiantly, has a righteous claim to the sympathy and support of his more fortunate brethren.—*Catholic Citizen*.

God said: "I make a man," and, lo! the creeds
Broke in his hands, as did the withes that bound
The Hebrew giant; not that he was found
Careless of words, but that all human needs
Plead with him, saying: Christ-like him who heeds
Man's want and sorrow, putting these above
All forms and phrases in the name of love;
For words are mockery when the time wants deeds.
And in this spirit, lo! the man became
Greater than creeds and forms; and all of these
He used for ends that make success and fame
Seem petty as pass by God's centuries.

—Phillips Brooks.

Saturday Evening Talks.

AT ALL SOULS CHURCH, CHICAGO.
REPORTED BY E. H. W.

*There is an instinct in the human heart
Which makes that all the fables it hath coined
Point surely to the hidden springs of truth.*

Lowell.

XVIII—Growth of the Old Testament.

The last lesson completed our course in "Beginnings." The interest developed by the class in the study of the Old Testament is so great that it has seemed wise to yield to the pressure for a rapid survey of the Old Testament writings as arranged in the recent little Sunday school hand-book of Mr. Chadwick's, biding the more extended and thorough attention which the six years' course will offer in due season.

It is a thankless business to buy books and pore over them, to delve in the library for the sake of reducing its lore to the vernacular of the home, only to find that one has all along been making for himself the reputation of a destroyer and a mar-plot in the holy realms of faith and trust. Such work brings with it a heavy burden of responsibility, under which one must sometimes groan, even if the temptation does not come to give up the battle altogether. But the graceless task of to-day is the blessed task of to-morrow. Many of the men whom we to-day hold in high honor are those who, in their time, were counted iconoclasts, and bore patiently the world's kicks and curses. Too many who could not escape Luther's logic looked upon his conclusions as a burden which they grieved to carry. Channing, whom all now recognize as a great seer in the realms of spirit, was cold-shouldered through life. Theodore Parker was treated even worse; he was snow-balled, and the snow was sometimes mixed with slush and mud. Even the clean-souled Emerson was at one time metaphorically, if not literally, hissed out of Harvard College. Such an outcome must inevitably follow the teaching of the truth with regard to those things which have been made a fetich by the superstitious reverence of the past; and even if the truth about the origin and growth of the Old Testament could be made perfectly clear, a great majority would doubtless feel that it was taking a great deal of trouble for the sake of arriving at a minus quantity. The only way to peace and poise is a hard way, so hard that it is feared and shunned. Yet people die every day for the want of it, go to the bad for lack of that which they distrust and sneer at.

In order to get at the much-observed truth of the natural and human origin of these books of the Old Testament, we must try to show how scholars have broken up the accepted canon into its component parts, how, by reasoning from internal evidence and contemporary history, they have been able in many cases to determine approximate dates, to give the different books their appropriate background, in short, to perform the service for Hebrew literature which has been performed for Greek and Roman literature.

It is not credible that any of the Old Testament books were reduced to writing earlier than 800 B. C., for careful students are agreed that it was scarcely earlier than that that the Hebrew alphabet was perfected and writing became a practical art. But there was plenty of tradition, folk-lore and folk-song long before that time. The date of 1320 has been given to the Exodus from Egypt under Moses, and that is probably as close an approximation as can at present be made to the date of that hypothetical event. Hence an interval of about five hundred years must have elapsed between Moses and the writing of the first word of Hebrew literature, making it as certain as any historical inference can well be that Moses did not write the books ascribed to him. It is not until 400 or 500 B. C. that we begin to have anything like definite contemporaneous records. Previous to this, during most of the

formative period of Hebrew literature, its authorship and history are for the most part matters of inference. Mr. Chadwick, following Professor Toy and others, thinks the oldest thing in the Old Testament is the Ten Commandments, or Ten Words, just as the "Sayings" of Confucius are better authenticated than any other part of early Chinese records. And we can see from the analogies of history that a great movement would unquestionably have organized around a few simple ethical principles rather than an intricate code or ritual such as we find in the book of Deuteronomy.

The next earliest contribution may be Deborah's Song, with several legends in the book of Judges. These are ascribed to the century between 1150 and 1050 B. C. Next comes Jacob's Blessing, a primitive metrical Doomsday book, in which Jacob projected his blessing upon the tribes of Judah and Joseph. This is the nucleus of the Old Testament legends and war-songs which we find in the book of Exodus. It has every indication of being an old folk-song, and on that supposition only it is explicable and beautiful.

Next comes evidence of lost compositions, probably composed between 1000 and 800 B. C., containing narratives of the wars of Jehovah and embedded in some of the later books. The allusion in the book of Joshua to the miracle of the sun standing still over Ajalon is a citation from the lost book of Jasher. The book of the Covenant now forms the heart of the book of Exodus. It is a sort of primitive property code, concerning itself with the dealings of man with man, man with servant, etc. The substance of it is perfectly familiar to the student of early state-craft, who finds the same thing everywhere at the roots of society, the simplest enactments, showing the growth of equity and honor in the human soul. If a farmer out in Lake County should take this code to judge and jury and ask for justice according to its regulations, he would be laughed out of court. Yet why should he be, if it is the law of the Almighty?

This brief survey brings us to about 800 B. C. and the dawn of Hebrew letters. And for a few Saturday nights we will note the appearance of these Old Testament treasures, devoting an evening to a century.

The Home.

*Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things
in a religious way.*

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—Many a man has lived to bless God that his own petty will has not been done.

MON.—It is strange how many mouthfuls of absolute happiness one sometimes tastes in the midst of trouble.

TUES.—Anything which calls out the dormant energies of the character must do one good.

WED.—O the blessing it is to have a friend to whom one can speak fearlessly on any subject!

THURS.—A man's best wealth consists of his personal labors, personal life.

FRI.—Moral and physical evil are so bound up together, that it is idle to attack one without trying to cure the other.

SAT.—It is not the seeing one's friends, the having them within reach, which makes them ours. It is the believing in them.

—Dinah Muloch Craik.

Cradle Song.

Mary gave to Jesus birth,
In her arms held heaven and earth;
So clasp I thee!

Mary lulled her babe to sleep,
Slumber calm did Jesus keep;
Hush thou for me!

Mary knelt above her child,
Jesus opened eyes and smiled;
Smile thou on me!

Jesus held out arms so blest,
Mary caught him to her breast;
So take I thee!

—William Wells Newell.

The Prayer of Motherhood.

Father in heaven, it is by the vision of thy relation to us that we can apprehend our relation to these little ones. As we have accepted that high trust, so make us loyal to it. When our feet grow weary and our faith grows dim, help us to follow close after the ever perfect One who taught even as we are trying to teach. He it was whom the common people heard gladly. He it was who disdained not the use of objects and symbols, remembering it was the childhood of the race. He it was who spake in parables and stories, laying bare soul of man and heart of nature, and revealing each by divine analogy. He it was who took the little ones in his arms and blessed them; who set the child in the midst, saying, "Except ye become as one of these." May the afterglow of that inspired teaching ever shine upon the path we are treading. May we bathe our tired spirits in its warmth and glory, and kindle our torches at the splendor of its light. We remember that he told us to feed his lambs. Dear Lord, help all the faithful shepherds who care for the ninety-and-nine that lie in the safe cover of the fold; help us, too, for we are the wandering shepherds whose part it is to go out over the bleak hills, up the mountain sides and rocky places, and gather in out of the storm and stress of things all the poor, unshepherded, wee bit lammies that have either wandered forlornly away from shelter or have been born in the wilderness and known no other home. Such an one has just strayed into the fold from the dreary hill-country. It needs a wiser shepherd than any of us. Grant that by gentleness, patience, and insight we may atone somewhat for our lack of wisdom and skill. We read among thy mysteries that the divine Child was born of a virgin. May he be born again and born daily in our hearts, already touched by that remembrance and consecrated by its meaning. And this we ask for love's sake. Amen.—*Kate Douglas Wiggin, in Marm Lisa.*

A Brave Mother.

As showing the force of maternal love among the lower animals, there are few more pathetic incidents than the following, which comes from Australia:

The owner of a country station was sitting one evening on the balcony outside of his house, when he was surprised to notice a kangaroo lingering about, alternately approaching and retiring from the house, as though half in doubt and fear what to do. At length she approached the water-pails, and taking a young one from her pouch, held it to the water to drink.

While her babe was satisfying its thirst the mother was quivering all over with excitement, for she was only a few feet from the balcony, on which one of her great foes was sitting watching her. The little one having finished drinking, it was replaced in the pouch, and the old kangaroo started off at a rapid pace.

When the natural timidity of the kangaroo is taken into account, it will be recognized what astonishing bravery this affectionate mother betrayed. It is a pleasing ending to the story that the eye witness was so affected by the scene that from that time forward he could never shoot a kangaroo.

A little boy whose father was a commercial traveler, at home only on Sundays, was once found crying bitterly, and upon being asked what was the matter he sobbed out: "That man what stays here Sundays just spanked me." This in an old and familiar story, doubtless, but it had its counterpart in a Sunday school in this city a few weeks since, and the story is respectfully submitted. It was just at closing time when the pastor of the church came in and stood a moment at the door. A bright little boy was heard to ask his neighbor: "Who is that man? I've seen him round here several times." This is a true story, and there is always a moral to a true story.—*S. S. Record.*

A very pretty custom in vogue in a city Sunday school is that of the "Birthday pennies." Each Sunday those chil-

dren who have had, or will have a birthday during the week, deposit one penny for each year of their age, in a fund which is used entirely for charity. During the past four months this fund has amounted to over \$6.00, and has been given to the Creche.—*S. S. Record.*

Mary and Martha, two little sisters, had been promoted to the dignity of a big bed, where they slept together. "I sleep on the front side," announced Mary, with an air of importance.

"And where do you sleep, Martha?" inquired the visitor. "I sleep where Mary doesn't," replied Martha, with a rueful glance at her restless little sister.—*Round Table.*

The honest prophet found some truth. The new prophet, the man of science, finds more because he proceeds in more honest ways. Truth is the reward of character. As of old, so now, there are some true prophets, some false; some broad, some narrow. So, too, there are preachers of all these sorts of views, and there are far more who preach only the views of the ancient prophets. The religion of the masses has always been the sort that belongs to the preceding age or ages. Religion is the sum of one's cosmical and ethical outlooks. It may be a small sum or a large one. The facts for it come from the sources which I have pointed out. They may be antiquated entirely, they may be partly sound but worm-eaten by the errors of centuries, or they may be solid timber made by the constant addition of new health and life to old vigor.—*Rev. Duren J. H. Ward. From Prophets, Saints and Scientists.*

Convey thy love to thy friend; as an arrow to the mark, to stick there; not as a ball against the wall, to rebound back to thee: that friendship will not continue to the end, that is begun for an end.—*Enchiridion.*

There are only two departments in which the human mind can arrive at certainty; one is pure mathematics, and the other is pure ethics.

Theology has one territory which is theory; religion has another, which is life.

It comes as a shock on one to attend some heresy trial, and hear the prosecution quoting a foreign divine of almost miraculous woodenness and the defendant taking refuge in a second-rate commentator.

Since 1850 the world has expended \$1,500,000,000 in waging war, and four times that sum in holding standing armies in readiness.

The teacher in a Boston kindergarten asked: "Where do the birds go in winter?" A little four-year-old piped up, "South Boston."

A student went out one Saturday to preach his trial sermon. When he returned Monday the venerable Doctor X. said to him:

"Well, how did you get along?"

"Oh, very well, I thought."

"Glad to hear it. What was your text?"

"How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?"

"Very good text—very good text. How did you handle it?"

"Well, first I showed them how great this salvation was—"

"That's right. And then?"

"And then I told them how they might escape if they neglected it!"—*Youth's Companion.*

Under the Surface.

Life is more than simple gleaning,

It is more than sordid thought,

Cities have a higher meaning

Than the place where goods are bought.

—*James Riley.*

The Study Table.

Two Good Books.

Christianity and Idealism. By John Watson, LL. D., Professor of Moral Philosophy in Queen's University, New York. The Macmillan Company, 1897. Cloth, 12 mo. \$1.25.

It would be an interesting situation if any fond admirer of "The Bonnie Brier Bush" should imagine the Dr. Watson of this book to be the Dr. Watson of that and settle down to it for a good time. He would probably call his wife as Douglas Jerrold did when reading Browning's "Lordello" and demand, "Am I an idiot?" For Dr. Watson, the Hegelian metaphysician, is very hard to understand. One often feels in reading him as Carlyle did in reading Sterling's "Secret of Hegel," "It seems to me that I have often been this way before, but never before with a ball and chain at my foot." Where we can understand him the meaning is frequently so good that we are sorry that we cannot understand him altogether. His present book is one of a series projected by the Philosophical Union of the University of California. The first volume, "The Conception of God," by Prof. Royce, and a number of his critics, is much harder reading than this, except the part of it furnished by Prof. Joseph Le Conte. As yet that volume has only been published in a limited edition, but it is to be republished uniformly with the present volume. We cannot do better than to indicate the scope of this volume in the words of Prof. Howison, who is to be the editor of the series: "The present volume has for its theme the interdependence of Christianity and Idealism; of Christianity regarded not as historical theology but as an ideal of conduct. . . . Prof. Watson argues that Christianity and idealism when each is understood, lend each other a stabler support. From this point of view, no doubt, a large part of historical theology called Christian, will fall away, even of that which has been regarded as the essence of Christianity. . . . On the other hand idealism, responding to a like logic, will assume the form proper to it as simply the philosophical expression of whatever is most characteristic of man in his animation by spiritual ideals."

It would seem that it ought not to be difficult to make out the harmony of Christianity and idealism when proceeding in this fashion. But the Christianity thus philosophically justified bears less resemblance to the Christianity that is preached in the average Christian church than a hawk to a hand-saw.

The introduction is an instructive and, apparently, a valid criticism of the idealism of Kant. Coming to Chapter I we have at the outset a statement of the religious conceptions of Jesus, which we are confident would not have conveyed the remotest idea to his mind, however well translated into Greek or Aramaic. But in this chapter there is much that is admirable on the relations of morality and religion, and in the two following chapters excellent matter on the ethical ideals of the Greeks and Jews. The next following chapter, "The Christian Ideal," is significant for its discussion of the Messianic ideas of Jesus. In a chapter on mediæval Christianity we have that plea for the rational and intelligent which is always the most inspiring note in Hegelian thought.

In Part II the attempt is made to show how far an idealistic philosophy enables us to retain the fundamental conceptions enunciated by Jesus. Here first we have an open defense of idealism against Balfour's "Foundations of Belief;" then a chapter on the relation of idealism to agnosticism. In this chapter we have an earnest plea for an immanent teleology against the teleology of Paley and Darwin's denial of any whatsoever. On the whole we cannot but think that if Prof. Watson had developed his thought freely without attempting to reconcile it with Christianity he would have helped us more than he has done. Nevertheless a Christianity which "includes the Greek ideal of clear thought and the love of beauty, as well as the Jewish ideal of righteousness and the Roman ideal of law and

order, harmonizing all by the divine spirit of love to God, and love on the basis of that free spirit which has come to us mainly from our Teutonic ancestors," is a very satisfactory ideal. It is magnificent whether it is Christianity or not.

Philip Gilbert Hamerton: An Autobiography, 1834-1858, and a memoir by his wife, 1858-1894, with a portrait. Boston: Roberts Brothers, 1896. Demy 8 vo.; cloth, \$3.00.

If Mr. Hamerton was not diffuse in his writing, he was certainly expansive; and what is true of his general habit is true of his autobiography. In this bulky volume the autobiographic part continues to page 215, which brings us only to the threshold of his literary work as generally known, at which point his wife takes up the parable and carries it forward with perfect sympathy and great intelligence to his death, in 1894. Hamerton is generally written down as a failure in art who took to literature as a last resort; but the fact is that literature was his first love, but not that particular kind of literature to which he was afterward united in a happy marriage. What he wished to do at the outset was to write poetry, and he published a volume in 1855, "The Isles of Loch Arne and Other Poems." The failure of this book discouraged him so completely that for some time he turned his back on literature altogether and devoted himself to art. But in the last result both of his early failures were economized. No aspect of nature that attracted him as a poet went for nothing when he fain would be a painter, and no aspect of nature that attracted him as a painter went for nothing when he found his right place at last as a critic. The same material that seemed wasted in his poems was serviceable to his first successful book, "A Painter's Camp." His attempts in poetry and painting both helped at a later day to explicate the relations of literature and art.

The story of Mr. Hamerton's early life is told with almost startling frankness, and it is very pitiful indeed. His father, intemperate before his marriage, became much more so after the loss of his young wife, treating his son outrageously and being held by him in constant fear. The father's death consigned the boy to the care of a maiden aunt, who was always kindly, if not always judicious. Two circumstances hindered his development a good deal—his possession of a comfortable property and the influence of John Ruskin, which put him on the wrong track—the literal delineation of nature. The property prevented others from taking him seriously as a painter. His wife counteracted Ruskin's influence from the start. "Do you want me to exaggerate?" he said to her when she criticized his painting. "Yes," she answered, "if that is the way to make it look true;" so striking at the heart of Ruskin's fallacy.

There is much of moral encouragement in the story of a life which emerged from so much of apparent failure into a great and honorable success. There is more because his work was prosecuted under great physical disadvantages. The impression that it makes upon us is so thoroughly eupeptic that we are surprised to read that his books were produced with such effort as brought on a severe nervous disorder, the occasion of a seclusion from cities and travel, which must have hindered him not a little and increases our gratitude to him correspondingly.

J. W. C.

A Swedenborgian Apostle.*

This is the well-written biography of a religious teacher who lived an interesting and helpful life, who has written many books of wide circulation, and founded a publishing company which is still printing such books as teach the truths that were dear to him.

Mr. Barrett was a typical American in that he was the child of straitened circumstances, winning his own way into education and success. He was born in Maine, educated at Bowdoin College and the Cambridge Divinity School.

* From Different Points of View. Benjamin Fiske Barrett, preacher, writer, theologian and philosopher. A Study. By the author of "The Republic," "Homo et canis," etc., Philadelphia; Swendenborg Publishing Association, Germantown.

He began his work as a Unitarian minister in the mission field of Syracuse, N. Y., a field made famous by the loving ministry of Samuel J. May. It was while at Syracuse that he became interested in the works of Swedenborg. He became convinced of their truth and entered the ministry of the New Church. His Catholic spirit soon began to chafe under the dogmatism of that sect and he was marked for a heretic. He believed himself, in the greater spirit of liberty, loyal to the teachings of Swedenborg, who taught that man cannot be regenerated without rationality and freedom, and to that necessity of rationality and freedom was loyal until the day of his death. His later advice to ministers, who became interested in the writings of Swedenborg, was for them to stay in their own pulpits and teach, without any reference to any special authority, whatever truth God gave them to see, and thereby help to lead in the greater and diviner day.

He believed that the second coming of the Lord was by the interior shining of love and truth upon open hearts and open minds, and to him every new truth on any plane of life that meant the enlargement of the human life, any new movement for the increase of humanity, no matter from whence, no matter how named, was a part of the new age, of the new and truer understanding of Jesus and his mission to the world.

For the Unitarian denomination he always held a tender regard, and his book, "Swedenborg and Channing," has these words of dedication:

"To the Unitarian Denomination in America: A religious body with which the author once had the happiness to be connected, and to which he gratefully acknowledges a large indebtedness, which early taught him the proper function of reason in religion, the meaning and value of religious liberty, and the importance of reverently heeding the whisperings of the spirit; and whose inculcations through pulpit and press, and its excellent Divinity School, encouraged a free and earnest search after the truth, and gave new emphasis to the Apostolic injunction, 'Prove all things; hold fast that which is good,' this volume is affectionately inscribed."

One of his daughters writes the following:

"The Fugitive Slave Law had just been passed and my father, learning the fact from the morning paper, brought his fist down on the table with a thump that made the dishes dance, saying: 'A more infamous law was never foisted on any people! I, for one, shall break it every chance I get, and I'll go out of my way for the chance.' To which my mother, of a more timid nature, said: 'You surely would not break the laws of your country?' 'Yes,' said my father, 'when the laws of my country oppose the laws of God, I will go out of my way to break them.' My mother replied: 'You cannot do it without suffering the punishment which is meted out to law-breakers.' 'Then,' said my father, 'I'll take the punishment, whether it be imprisonment or hanging; but I'll break the infamous law every chance I get, and I'll go out of my way for the chance.'"

The spirit of the man is revealed in what he wrote during the war to a friend:

"My eldest son is doing his part toward maintaining the Union. I am too old to be drafted, but if my country needs me, my years will not prevent me from offering her my services freely."

Mr. Barrett, during his life, was an intimate correspondent of hundreds of ministers of different denominations. Part of this biography consists of appreciative letters from these men.

This little book not only gives a glimpse of a great soul and an interesting life, but helps one to understand more fully the religious movements of our times. No one can fully understand the new orthodoxy without understanding something of the influence of Swedenborg in the modern pulpit, an influence greater and more extended than any man, unacquainted with the facts, is willing to admit.

American Orations.*

We have always what we may call history hunger when we read a really good writer like Shouler or Rhodes or Bangroft. We feel at every turn a desire, almost a neces-

*American Orations. Studies in American Political History By Alexander Johnson G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

sity, to hear or read something else. Most especially, to make history alive, we need to hear the great speeches that have marked epochs—and then we need to see the little rills of everyday home life behind the "averaging" and "generalizing" which is all the historian can give us. Professor Johnston undertook to supply the first of these wants, in four volumes of American Orations. The general division of the work has been into (1) Colonialism, (2) Constitutional Government to 1801, (3) The Rise of Democracy to 1815, (4) The Rise of Nationality to 1840, (5) The Slavery Struggle to 1860, (6) Secession and Reconstruction to 1876, (7) Free Trade and Protection. This is a convenient division—but not quite historically logical; for attempts at secession began as early as 1803, when New England very nearly consummated A Northern Confederacy. The book begins, as it should, with orations of James Otis and Patrick Henry, who were, in diverse sections, the real pioneers of independence—followed closely by Samuel Adams. So fond was Jefferson of the pen, and so little willing to appear anywhere on the rostrum, that it has been necessary in place of a speech to select his inaugural as president. It is a document to be studied as marking the utter change of drift of our government from the rule of the best to the rule of the people. There is real history in these books. The notes are of intense value. In fact, I know hardly how a young person could better become acquainted with the life and growth of American institutions. Nothing could be finer than Putnam's share of the work. It is a delight to look at such press work.

E. P. P.

On the Trail of Don Quixote.*

This is really an illustrated book that does illustrate. A master of the pencil has followed in the quaint and remote trail of the great master of the pen and revived for us the land of Don Quixote. The illustrations are real sketches taken on the spot, full of artistic feeling and that quaint and refreshing something that makes them truer than photographs and more living than the reality itself to un-artistic eyes. The architectural elements are wonderfully fine as, indeed, are the animals as well as the human figures. This is a book which needs no text, and one is loath to stop to read, but when one does read the text is direct and interesting, a fresh narrative. This represents the small percentage of so-called illustrated books that will take a permanent place in the library. It is a valuable contribution to the Don Quixote literature.

In Colonial Days in Old New York (Scribner's Sons), Mrs. Alice Morse Earle describes the "daily life, the habits, the dress, occupations, furniture, domestic economy, the characteristic customs, of Dutch times," with charming abandon and much humor. Mrs. Earle has gone back and lived in the old days of quaint customs, and has given us a lively and graphic picture of the domestic life and habits of our ancestry in the days when Broad street was "cleaned by a public scavenger at a salary of \$40 per annum," and the "wages of a hired servant-girl in New York were three dollars and a half a month." The gentlemen of those days were shaved by the family surgeon, and the midwife was a servant of the government, and the Governor, Lord Cornbury, dressed in women's clothes.

The chief holidays were New Year's Day and May Day, but Shrovetide did not pass unobserved.

During its "unseemly and scandalous" celebration the men often paraded in women's clothes. Surely, life was giddy and not wholly prosaic in colonial days. Governor Stuyvesant prohibited an innocent diversion called "pulling the goose," while the present governor of New York passes his evening quietly and circumspectly at Hammerstein's, or the Horse Show in Madison Square Garden.

*On the Trail of Don Quixote, being a record of rambles in the ancient province Lamancha by August F. Jaccaci; illustrated by Daniel Vierge. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1896; pp. 239. \$2.50.

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The Liberal Field.

*"The World is my Country; To do
good is my Religion."*

LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY was celebrated by many of the social and civic clubs of the city. The Beefsteak Club, consisting of the younger Jewish members of the Standard Club, was the first celebration of the kind ever held by a Jewish organization, and proved a gratifying success. The capacity of the great banquet hall was taxed to the utmost, and after the banquet, in which the prescribed "beefsteak" was the "piece de resistance," the following program was carried out: "Illinois," Max Pam; "Leaders of Men," Levi A. Eliel; "Abraham Lincoln," Jenkin Lloyd Jones; "North and South," Judge John Barton Payne; "Liberty and Union," Jacob J. Abt; "Our Future," Dr. G. Frank Lydston. Chairman, Milton J. Foreman.

The address of Mr. Eliel, which was printed in full in last week's *Reform Advocate*, was a contribution of far more than passing value. We wish there was room to reproduce the whole. The closing paragraph will suffice to justify the above estimate:

Those who aspire to guide this nation toward a more perfect realization of the ideals of its founders, must bear in mind the truth, that he who lays his hand to the plow for common good must forego all hope of personal advantage. The man who would remove the crown of thorns from the brow of labor should approach his task in the spirit of unselfishness, ready to make sacrifices, not eager for rewards. He must himself be crucified, if need be. If the lesson of his life endure, what matter though he perish! The most inspiring song and the truest to which the hosts of victory have ever tramped, is one familiar to us all:

"John Brown's body lies a-moldering in the grave,
But his soul goes marching on."

If the cause dies with him who preached its gospel, then the cause was a delusion and its preacher a false prophet.

In the Sagas of the Northland we may read the myth of Ragnarok, the Twilight of the Gods. When crime is rampant and all virtue banished from the earth, when

"Sisters' children
Shed each other's blood;
Sensual sin grows huge;

And men no longer spare
Or pity one another;"

the fulfillment of the ancient prophecies approaches. Loki, the Evil, breaks his chains, and all his hosts
"Are marshal'd in one flaming square
Against the Gods, upon the plains of Heaven."

On the side of Odin are arrayed the warriors who won renown on earth, the heroes who fell in battle, the leaders of men—fighting to the end against the enemies of Good. The inventors of the Sagas builded better than they knew, for in their verses is contained a mighty truth, by them undreamed of. Whenever good and evil meet in battle, the leaders who stood for righteousness and justice in their lives will still, until the world has perished, be found the faithful allies of the gods. Death cannot destroy, but elevates and renders limitless their field of action. Lincoln will lead the future generations, as he led the past. "The traces cannot of his earthly being
In aeons perish."

His influence is everlasting.

THE GROWTH OF INDEPENDENCY.—

Further news comes to us from Minnesota of the continued growth of the movement at St. Cloud to bring together under a common organization five different churches of the city, including the Unitarian. *The St. Paul Dispatch* says of this movement: "If these plans are carried out, it will be to many the most hopeful incident of the century. Their example will soon be followed in thousands of other localities throughout the world. The money and energy that will be conserved, which was formerly dissipated in running the machinery of so many organizations, will hasten the time when the kingdom of righteousness shall come and the will of the Father will be done on earth, as in heaven."

The Spring Valley Sun of Spring Valley, Minn., for February 16, contains an enthusiastic account of a People's Church movement in that town under the lead of the Rev. P. M. Hermon, D. D. Speaking of the last Sunday service, it says: "Every seat in the opera house was filled and extra seats had been placed and shoved up as close together as possible. The People's Church of Spring Valley is not alone, but makes one of over two hundred People's churches, with a national organization, and an official organ published weekly. It is our purpose to publish a list of these churches, the most powerful and influential

in the land, at an early date, and give our readers an idea of a movement but little known."

CHICAGO.—An interesting and promising Sunday school occasion was celebrated last week in Unity Church. Representatives of nearly all the liberal Sunday schools in the city were present and matters of interest discussed. We will not anticipate the report from the pen of "Albert S.," who is to contribute Sunday school items from time to time to these columns, but we rejoice in the success of this first meeting and trust it may lead to many more.

ST. CLOUD, MINN.—The following most significant and hopeful dispatch appears in a St. Paul paper. It represents a consummation devoutly hoped for. Should this union be realized St. Cloud will have a church to hear from and to pattern after. Another conference has been held by committees representing the Congregational, Baptist, Presbyterian, Methodist and Unitarian churches, at which the proposed consolidation of these churches was discussed. It was decided that the committees should report to their respective societies the advisability of consolidating, and suggest that the new union church have no regularly formulated creed, but unite upon the following declaration: "We believe in the fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man, and in the life, teachings and character of Jesus Christ." This is the direct result of the lead of Rev. Harvey S. McCowan, of the Congregational Church of that place. We hope soon to print extracts from an address of his on this subject.

NEW YORK CITY.—The following course of sermons is being given by Mr. Newton, on alternate Sunday mornings, upon "The Truths Which Heterodoxy Yields to the Growing Truth of Orthodoxy," as follows:

"Orthodoxy and Heterodoxy; Their Mutual Relations."

"The Truths of Universalism."

"The Truths of Unitarianism."

"The Truths of Swedenborgianism."

"The Truths of Spiritualism."

"The Truths of Christian Science."

This is a hopeful sign of the growing together, which began when James Therman Clarke published his famous book on the "Truths and Errors of Orthodoxy."

ANN ARBOR, MICH.—Mr. Sunderland has been giving lectures on India to houses so crowded that hundreds have had to be turned away. Some of the lectures have been on Sunday evenings and some on week nights. The subjects so far have been: 1. "From Ann Arbor to India—Glimpses of Scenes by the Way." 2. "India, the World's Wonderland." 3. "Bombay, Madras and Calcutta, the Capitals of Modern British India." 4. "Picturesque India—Village Life, Jungles and Himalayas." 5. "Delhi and Agra, the Capitals of the Great Mogul Empire, their History and their Splendid Ruins." 6. "Benares, the Sacred City of India—Its Temples, Shrines, Palaces and Religious Life." The lectures have been finely illustrated with stereopticon views made from pictures brought by Mr. Sunderland from India.

CHICAGO.—The course of six lectures on "The Earlier Prophets of English Literature," given by the pastor of All Souls' Church on Sunday nights, came to a close last Sunday evening. The course was in the dime series, and the growing audience was much interested. Mr. Jones gave short addresses on the lives and works of John Milton, Robert Burns, William Wordsworth, Percy Bysshe Shelley, Thomas Carlyle, and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, illustrated by apt readings from their works, most sympathetically rendered. There was a prompt clamor for more. For the next

Sunday nights Mr. Jones will interpret Marcella and Sir George Tressady, Mrs. Humphry Ward's last book.

OMAHA.—Unity Church has had surprisingly large congregations the last two Sundays, crowding the auditorium and overflowing into the parlors. There were not even chairs for all who came last Sunday, fully fifty standing through the entire service—inexplicable phenomenon, for nothing has been done except to announce that a couple of old sermons would be repeated. If we were as strong in some other respects as we are in numbers and enthusiasm, some great results might be looked for here. Mrs. Susan Marr Spalding's lecture, "The Bayreuth Festival," last week, was largely attended, and received unqualified praise.

M.

Western Unitarian Conference.

The regular meeting of the board of directors of the Western Unitarian Conference was held at 175 Dearborn Street, at 2:30 p. m., on Wednesday, February 3. There were present Messrs. Shorey, Elliott, Effinger, Judy, Brough and Gould, and Miss Hultin. The report of the last meeting was read and approved. The secretary read a letter from Hon. J. D. Ludden, resigning his position as director, on account of his inability to be present at our meetings. The directors voted to accept his resignation, but with extreme regret, and instructed the secretary to convey to him their sense of the faithful and efficient help he had rendered by his long service on our board.

The Program Committee reported that it was found desirable to put the annual meeting upon the first week in May in order that Mr. Batchelor might be present at our sessions. The directors voted that the meeting accordingly be fixed for May 3 to 6. And on the recommendation of the Program Committee it was also voted that Robert Collyer be invited to deliver the Conference sermon. It was voted likewise, at the recommendation of the Program Committee, that the devotional meetings be changed from the morning hour to twelve o'clock in the middle of the day. The question of using some part of the time on our program for discussing woman's work in the church was referred back to the committee with power to act. The directors then approved the outline of the program as far as presented, and voted that the Program Committee complete it on the lines indicated.

The question of the publication of *Old and New* was brought up, and after discussion, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the directors of the Western Unitarian Conference, without assuming any financial responsibility, approve the publication of *Old and New* as an organ of Unitarian work in the Central West, with the understanding that its editorial management shall be representative.

The treasurer then made his report of the present financial condition of the Conference, showing that the outlook was unusually good. If the churches should pay what they have pledged the income of the Conference would be considerably more than its expenses this year; and if the churches that had not pledged but had usually contributed to the support of the Conference should contribute their usual amounts this year the Conference would be able to pay the five hundred dollars voted toward the debt without having a deficit.

Adjourned.

A. W. GOULD, Secretary.

Sunday School Notes.

In growing from a small society backed by a handful of individual contributors to one whose revenues come largely from the schools as such, this organization has out-

grown some features of its by-laws, which apparently do not do justice to the contributing schools. To correct this, the following change will be proposed at the annual meeting of the society in May:

"To amend Section I of the by-laws by adding the following: Any Sunday school which has contributed not less than two dollars for the year ending May 1 prior to the annual meeting shall be entitled to one delegate, and any school which has contributed at least five dollars shall be entitled to an additional delegate for every thirty pupils enrolled in its school. Such delegates, together with the life members and the annual members for the year ending on the preceding May 1 shall alone have voting privileges at the annual meeting."

ALBERT SCHEIBLE, Secretary.

Another day dream of our liberal workers has been realized, for the long hoped-for union of the Sunday schools in and about Chicago has come to be a reality. Even those who had striven hard to interest the various schools in this movement were agreeably surprised, for instead of a few score workers from six or eight schools, they found over a hundred at the first meeting. This hundred as gathered at Unity Church on February 9 represented ten schools in Chicago and four others in the suburbs of Geneva, Blue Island, Hinsdale and Oak Park. Of these fourteen schools five were nominally Unitarian, five Universalist, three Ethical and one Independent; but a most cordial spirit of unity was felt throughout the meeting—indeed, this feeling of brotherhood seemed no less impressive a feature of this gathering than the timely and interesting program. The latter was opened by an address of welcome, which gave Rev. B. R. Bulkeley a chance to touch upon the common ties of liberal workers and the helpfulness of such a union as he had seen in Boston. The chairman—George M. Kendall of Oak Park—then called upon Rev. A. W. Gould for a talk on "The Problems of the Sunday School Teacher of To-Day," in which the speaker showed how the present tasks had a somewhat different aspect from those which were associated with a teacher's duties a score of years ago.

Then came the paper of the evening—for the evening was mapped out as a sample of a union meeting and not merely as a preliminary gathering—by Albert Scheible. His topic, "Personal Contact Between Teacher and Scholar," proved to be a very timely one, and the striking instances which he recalled from his own experience showed how much more effective a teacher's work can be made by a little attention to out-of-class or social intercourse with his pupils. The discussion following his paper showed that very little attention had been paid to this point by most of the teachers present; indeed, many of them seemed to be hungry for just such suggestions as will be furnished by these union meetings. This discussion, in which nearly a score took part, was full of hints of the many problems agitating our Sunday school workers, many of which may furnish good topics for future meetings.

Of course a committee was appointed to report a plan of permanent organization at the next meeting, which it is hoped will be held on or about March 10. The exact date and location will be announced in these columns later on.

ALBERT S.

We consider bibles and religions divine:
I do not say they are not divine,
I say they have all grown out of you,
And may grow out of you still.
It is not they who give the life, it is you
who give the life.
Leaves are not more shed from the trees,
or trees from the earth,
Than they are shed from out of you.

—Walt Whitman.

The Last Answer.

Dying eyes, what do you see?
I see the love that holdeth me;
The look that, lighting, leans to bless;
The little daily tenderness;
Smiles without words; the sweet, sure sign
Which says in silence, I am thine.
Returning feet meet at the door—
Alas for those which run no more!
Ah me, for lips that whispered, "Dear!
Earth is all heaven, for thou art here."
I see a figure like a stone;
The house where one sits all alone;
O God, have pity! for I see
The desolated needing me.

Dying eyes, what do you see?
I see the love that taketh me.
Loud in the breakers, soft in song,
Ever the summons calleth strong.
I see upon an unknown strand
The signal of a distant Hand.
The leaf is light, the bud is out,
Floods of May colors float about.
The pulse leaps high, the heart is young,
The sweetest chimes are yet unrun,
My bravest deeds I never did;
And struggling with the coffin-lid,
Hopes, dreams and joys and happy tears
Start, throbbing, to live down the years.

Almighty! Listen! I am dust.
Yet spirit am I; so I trust.
Let come what may, of life or death,
I trust thee with my sinking breath;
I trust thee, though I see thee not
In heaven or earth, or any spot.
I trust thee till I shall know why
There's one to live and one to die.
I trust thee till thyself shall prove
The Lord of Life and death and love.
—Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, in Harper's Bazar.

In Mrs. Field's "Authors and Friends" are two epigrams made by Longfellow, and belonging to his intimate, friendly life:

What is autobiography?
It is what a biography ought to be.

When you ask one friend to dine,
Give him your best wine;
When you ask two,
The second best will do.

Another outcome of the moment was suggested by a soldier's monument, one of so many about the country:

The soldier asked for bread,
But they waited till he was dead,
And gave him a stone instead,
Sixty and one feet high.

—Youth's Companion.

In advanced stages of Consumption, Scott's Emulsion soothes the cough, checks the night sweats and prevents extreme emaciation. In this way it prolongs life and makes more comfortable the last days. In every case of consumption—from its first appearance to its most advanced stages—no remedy promises a greater hope for recovery or brings comfort and relief equal to Scott's Emulsion. Book on the subject free for the asking.

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THE TOWER HILL SUMMER SCHOOL.

(EIGHTH SEASON.)

Preliminary Announcement.

The studies for 1897 will be a continuation of studies in literature established last year. It will hold its sessions August 8 to 22, inclusive. The school will be opened on Sunday afternoon, August 8, with an introductory sermon. On Sunday, the 15th, a grove meeting will be held, at which a number of prominent ministers will speak. The two Saturday evenings will be given to social reunions. The exercises will close with religious services on Sunday, the 22nd. All the exercises will be held in the pavilion of the company on Tower Hill. The school will be divided into five courses. A tentative outline of which is furnished below, subject to such revisions, omissions and additions as necessity may demand:

I. A popular interpretation of the Greek dramatists, by Henry M. Simmons of Minneapolis, lectures to be given on alternate evenings, as follows:

1. Introductory, on the Greek Drama and Dramatists.
2. Æschylus' "Prometheus."
3. Sophocles' "Antigone" and connected Theban Plays.
4. Euripides' "Medea."
5. Euripides' "Iphigenia in Aulis" and Æschylus' "Agamemnon."
6. The Orestean Plays.

II. A course of five lectures in modern fiction, by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, to alternate with Mr. Simmons' lectures, noticed above; the novels selected with a special view of offering material for subsequent co-operative studies by Unity clubs and home classes, Chautauqua circles, etc. An outline course of studies upon each of the novels will be presented:

1. Ebers' "Uarda."
2. Kingsley's "Hypatia."
3. Hawthorne's "Marble Faun."
4. Dickens' "Tale of Two Cities."
5. Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables."

III. A search for Ten Great Poems in English literature, consisting of interpretative readings by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, the selection of the poems being based on the estimate of a large number of prominent students of literature. It will be a companion study with the search for "Ten Great Novels," the results of which were published by Mr. Jones in 1884. This exercise will be conducted in the forenoons.

IV. Interesting features of Wisconsin geology, consisting of three afternoon talks and three afternoon excursions, by Prof. E. C. Perisho, of the State Normal School of Platteville, Wis.

V. A study of birds, with special reference to the birds within sight and hearing, consisting of three afternoon talks and three afternoon excursions conducted by O. G. Libby, Ph. D., University of Wisconsin.

PREPARATORY READINGS AND HELPS.

The program is announced this early hoping that it will direct the reading of a large number of those who intend to be present, thereby greatly adding to the interest and profit of the school.

For Mr. Simmons' lectures, read any standard translations of the dramas. Perhaps the most available are found in Morley's Universal Library, Routledge & Sons, London, one shilling each.

For Mr. Jones' course, read as many of the novels themselves as possible. For "The Ten Great Poems," a little pamphlet will be published containing the correspondence, and will be ready for distribution, it is hoped, by the 15th of May. This and the companion pamphlet on "The Ten Great Novels" can be ordered from the office of THE NEW UNITY, Chicago.

For Mr. Perisho's work, any standard work on geology, such as "Geology of Wis-

consin," Vol. I, Chap. 4 to 9, and 15. The pre-Cambrian, Cambrian and Silurian Ages, as treated in Dana's American Book Co.; Le Conte's, Appleton Co., or Shaler's "Aspects of the Earth," Chas. Scribner & Son, "The Story of Our Continent," Gian & Co.

Dr. Libby recommends for his work Chapman's "Birds of Eastern North America," Appleton & Co. Further bibliography will be furnished at the time. The reading of the books of Henry Thoreau, John Burroughs, Maurice Thompson, Olive Thorne Miller and the like is urged.

WHERE IT IS AND HOW TO GET THERE.

Tower Hill is situated on the historic site of old Helena. On its heights once stood the Helena shot tower, overlooking the Wisconsin river. It is located in Iowa County, three miles south of Spring Green. This is its postoffice, telegraph and railway stations. It is situated on the Prairie du Chien division of the C., M. & St. P. R. R., thirty-five miles west of Madison, about eight hours ride from Chicago. Special summer resort rates on the above road from the first of July to the first of October, \$8 round trip from Chicago.

ACCOMMODATIONS.

The company's grounds are equipped with water works (which draws its supply from the Potsdam sandstone), pavilion, dining-room, garden, stables, long-houses (sections furnished for two), beside a number of private cottages, tents, tenting privileges to all who wish to attend the Institute, and sites for building cottages to all shareholders.

TERMS.

Registration fee, giving holder the privileges of all the exercises of the Summer School for two weeks, \$2.00; single admission for the day or evening lectures, 25 cents; family tickets, admitting all the members of one family to any or all exercises, \$4.00. Board at Tower Hill, single meals, 25 cents; per week, \$3.50. Room in Long Houses for two, with necessary furnishing, per week, \$3; the same for season, from July 1 to September 14, \$20. Accommodations in tent, with cot, campers to bring their own bedding, during the Summer School, \$3.00; the same for the season, as above, \$15. The Tower Hill buckboard meets all trains at Spring Green, when notified; single ride, 25 cents; trunks, 25 cents extra. Parties of five or more can hire buckboard for driving at the rate of ten cents each per hour.

Tent accommodations cannot be guaranteed during the school unless engaged by August first.

For further particulars concerning membership and program apply to the secretary, Mrs. A. L. Kelly, Chamber of Commerce Building, Chicago; concerning board and other accommodations, address, up to first of July, Mrs. M. H. Lackersteen, 4014 Ellis Ave., Chicago; after the first of July, the same at Spring Green, Wis.

OFFICERS OF THE SUMMER SCHOOL.

President, Mrs. S. E. J. Sawyer, Creston, Ia.

Vice-Presidents, Mrs. Emma E. Underwood, Supt. of Schools for Iowa Co., Wis.; Prof. E. J. Perisho, Platteville State Normal School.

Secretary and Treasurer, Mrs. A. L. Kelly, Chamber of Commerce, Chicago.

Conductor, Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

Additional Directors: Hon. J. W. Rewey, Rewey, Wis.; Prof. B. B. Jackson, Ashland, Wis.; Miss L. Margaret Pryse, Lincoln, Neb.; Hon. Alvin Joiner, Polo, Ill.; Rev. J. C. Allen, Winona, Minn.; Miss

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Old and New.

Spiders and Their Ways.

We find as marked differences in habits, tastes, and characters among spiders as among human beings. Some kinds prefer always living in houses or cellars, not seeming to care for any fresh air or out-of-door exercise. Mr. Jesse tells of two spiders that lived for thirteen years in opposite corners of a drawer which was used for soap and candles. Others delight in making burrows in the earth, in dwelling under stones or behind the loose bark on trees, and others live under water. Many never leave their webs, but patiently wait, hoping some insect will become entangled in the snares they have set. Others dash about and seize upon every luckless insect that crosses their path. The most adventurous of all are those that sail out in the world on one of their own little threads. Darwin tells of encountering thousands of them many leagues from land when he was taking his famous voyage on the Beagle. He says: "The little aeronaut, as soon as it arrived on board, was very active, running about, sometimes letting itself fall, then reascending the same thread. It could run with facility on the surface of the water."

In the bright autumn weather, if we observe closely, we may sometimes see some of our own small spiders ascend to the tops of trees, fences, and other high objects, rise on their toes, turn the spinners upward, throw out a quantity of silk, and sail away. They can be seen plentifully any fine day in October or November, before the cold weather, on Boston Common. They grasp the silken thread with their feet and seem to be enjoying themselves as much as the birds and butterflies.—*Margaret W. Leighton, in Appleton's Popular Science Monthly for January.*

One of the most curious and interesting discoveries in the seemingly illimitable field of Shakespeare is that which credits Sir John Falstaff with repentance, and the assurance of forgiveness. To most of us Sir John has seemed to live and die a reprobate. A sordid, reckless, debased libertine, a drunkard and a man without character—these have been the shadows by which we have remembered him. Of course, he was possessed of a nimble wit, a clever tongue, an irresistible though roguish philosophy. Of course, he has made us laugh at the clever manner in which he cozened the world. But we think of him first and last as a reprobate.

Dame Quickly, later, in the first part of "King Henry V.," in telling of Falstaff's death, says "'A babbled of green fields.'" Is it not possible Sir John, "smiling at his fingers' ends," and loosing his hold on gross earth, had not solaced his soul with the sweets of repentance? "Babbled of green fields!" Was it that most beautiful of Psalms? Was he praising the Lord for leading him among the green pastures and by the side of still waters? Was his cup running over? Had he washed out the many years of wickedness and entered again the innocence that must one time have been his? The Bible was not unknown to Sir John, though a sealed book to Dame Quickly. He knew its beauties. All through "Henry IV.," he refers to books—classics—which prove he knew the best there was in literature. He had been the companion of a prince, the associate of noblemen. Rough he was, but so was the age. It was the cultivation of the times. And his generous soul, once hope was crushed, would most inevitably turn to the best—not to the worst—he had known. It is a curious but a comforting thing to believe that as he murmured words strange to Dame Quickly he was drifting in spirit across green pastures and by the side of still waters, for his soul was restored, and goodness and mercy had followed him all

the days of his life, though he knew it not till he came to the valley and the shadow of death, where of a truth he feared no evil, for a rod and a staff of everlasting pardon they comforted him. Rest, Jack Falstaff! Thy sins may have been forgiven thee.—*The Tribune*

The Story of Two Queens of Song.

When Madame Sontag began her musical career, she was hissed off the stage at Vienna by the friends of her rival, Amelia Steininger, who had already begun to decline through her dissipation. Years passed on, and one day Madame Sontag, in her glory, was riding through the streets of Berlin, when she saw a little child leading a blind woman; and she said, "Come here, my little child; come here! Who is that you are leading by the hand?" And the little child replied, "That's my mother! That's Amelia Steininger. She used to be a great singer; but she lost her voice, and she cried so much about it that she lost her eyesight." "Give my love to her," said Madame Sontag, "and tell her an old acquaintance will call on her this afternoon."

The next week, in Berlin, a vast assemblage gathered at the benefit for that poor blind woman, and it was said that Madame Sontag sang that night as she had never sung before; and she employed a skilled oculist, who in vain tried to give eyesight to the poor blind woman. Until the day of Amelia Steininger's death, Madame Sontag took care of her, and her daughter after her. That was what a queen of song did for her enemy.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

Two curious ecclesiastical disputes have arisen during the last week or two. A "very orthodox lady" left £1,500 toward the endowment of a church at Bournemouth, stipulating in her will that the services should be evangelical and that a black gown should be worn in the pulpit. The first incumbent refuses to wear the gown, on the ground that Ridsdale Judgment rendered it illegal. The lady's trustees refuse to pay over the legacy. The question has been to-day determined by a Roman Catholic judge, who holds that as the sermon is not part of the sacrament of the Lord's supper, nor a portion of the rites of the church, the wearing of a black gown in preaching is not illegal. The habitual use of such gown for 300 years was also a strong argument against its illegality.

The second case involves the doctrine of baptismal regeneration. A lady was recently buried in a Devonshire churchyard, and in compliance with her own request her husband inscribed on her tombstone the words, "Born again at Barnet, June 21, 1863." To this inscription the incumbent of the parish objected, on the ground that it implied disbelief in the doctrine of the new birth in baptism. Chancellor Dibdin has, however, decided, after reference to the teaching of the late Archbishop Sumner, and on the advice of the present Bishop of Exeter, that the writing conveyed no erroneous doctrine, and might appear.

—*The Church Standard.*

Among the season's visitors to the Capital was a western clergyman of more culture, reading, and thought than knowledge of the world. He wanted to see all there was to be seen, but most of all he did desire to meet and have a word with Gail Hamilton. It took him several days to summon up his courage, but at last he boldly presented himself at the Blaines' door and asked for Miss "Hamilton." About three hours later the friend met him descending the steps of the house, one broad smile of delight and satisfaction.

"Ah," exclaimed the confidant, "I congratulate you. So you have met your dear Gail Hamilton. I can see it in your face."

That face fell—grew remorseful. "No," he stammered, "I didn't meet

her—she didn't come down, and the fact is, I forgot to ask for her!"

"Forgot to ask for her!"

"Oh, I sent up my card, of course, but a lady came down, a Miss Dodge, and my dear fellow, you never saw such a woman in your life! I suppose that Miss Hamilton must have been out; she didn't mention her, but she began to talk to me, and in two minutes I forgot what I had gone for. I never could have believed that any person, man or woman, could know so much. I believe we talked on every subject in the world, and she knows everything about every one of the subjects. I was never so surprised as when a lot of people came in and I found how long I had been there; and I didn't want to come away one bit then, I can tell you; and, till you spoke, I'd forgotten all about Miss Hamilton. I don't believe she can touch Miss Dodge, anyhow!"—*New York Tribune.*

Irving's Estimate of Shylock.

Considerable discussion has been aroused by Sir Henry Irving's departure from the traditional conception of Macbeth. His view of Shylock is also somewhat original. As given in interviews and in lectures, it is as follows:

"I am sure that Shylock was not a low person—a miser and usurer, certainly, but a very injured man; at least he thought so. I look on him as a type of the persecuted race; almost the only gentleman in the play, and most ill-used. He was a religious Jew, learned, for he conducted his case with masterly skill, and his speech is always lofty and full of dignity. Is there finer language in Shakespeare than Shylock's defense of his race? My view is, that from the moment Antonio turns upon him, declaring that he is like to spit upon him again, and invites him scornfully to lend him money, not as to his friend, but as to his enemy, who, if he break, he may with better face exact the penalty—from that moment I imagine Shylock resolving to exact his pound of flesh, perhaps without much hope of getting it. Everything now indicates a stern, firm, implacable purpose, which, in all our experience of men, is usually accompanied by an apparently calm manner. It seems to me that Shylock's contempt for his enemies, his sneer at Gratiano:

'Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond
Thou but offends't thy lungs to speak so loud,'

and his action throughout the court scene, quite outweigh any argument in favor of a very demonstrative and furious representation of character."—*Werner's Magazine.*

The new St. Josephat's Church, now in process of erection in Milwaukee at the southwest corner of Lincoln and First avenues, facing Lincoln, and with a north front. The Lincoln avenue frontage is 80 feet and the First avenue 212 feet. West of the church stands the big parochial school building and in the rear is the clergy house. From the ground to the base of the big dome will be 128 feet and the big cupola will reach skyward for nearly 100 feet more. The front gable will be surmounted by a statue of St. Josephat, while statues of the apostles and the evangelists will rest on the piers and columns on either side of the building. It was a fortunate happening for the people of St. Josephat's congregation that the government decided to raze the big Chicago post-office, for although the new church will cost more than \$100,000 to erect, aside from the interior furnishings, that figure, if new stone were to be bought, would have to be doubled in order to give the people the building they will now be able to boast of.

In round figures the material, including the cost of transportation to Milwaukee, will cost \$33,000. It is no small task to bring such a lot of material to Milwaukee, even with all of the facilities of a railroad

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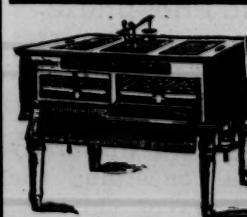
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